

(2)

A Song sung by Mrs Aliff in the Play call'd Tyrannick Love or the Royall Martyre set by Mr Henry Purcell

Ah! how sweet - Ah! how sweet how sweet it is to Love; Ah! - Ah! - Ah! - how gay is yours desire. And what pleasing pains, and what pleasing pains we prove, when first, when first we feel a Lovers fire. Pains of Love are sweeter far than all, all, all, all, all, all, other pleasures are. Pains of Love are sweeter far, than all, all, all, all, other pleasures are. Sighs that are from Lovers blown, Gentle move and heave the heart, Ev'n the tears they shed alone, Like trickling balm cure the smart, Lovers when they loose their breath, Bleed away an easy death.

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Gentle move and heave the heart,
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Like trickling balm cure the smart,
Lovers when they loose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.*